

Remember Last
Year

The Greyhound

Beat Hopkins
Again!

Vol. 1, No. 1

BALTIMORE, MD., OCTOBER 22, 1927

Loyola College

FATHER AYD NAMED DEAN

Faculty Changes Bring Former
Teachers Back to Loyola

Faculty changes are generally hard on the student body. This year, however, an almost even exchange helps a little bit to make up for the loss of several good friends. Perhaps the most important change was the appointment of Rev. Joseph J. Ayd, S. J., '03, as Dean of Studies in the College to succeed the Rev. Henri Wiesel, S. J., who has been vice-rector of Loyola since the beginning of 1927.

Fr. Joseph A. McEneaney, S. J., Rector of Loyola, returned to the College for Commencement and was welcomed on that occasion by our Rt. Rev. Archbishop, Michael J. Curley, D. D. Shortly after graduation, Fr. McEneaney's health again obliged him to return to El Paso, Texas, where he is now recuperating. Fr. Wiesel remains as vice-rector and Fr. Ayd has been named Dean to succeed him.

Fr. Ayd is an old Loyola man and a sociologist of note. In recent years he has been a member of the Faculties of Georgetown University and St. Joseph's College. That his sociological training has been practical as well as theoretical, is proved by the fact that he has served as Chaplain of the Maryland Penitentiary. Fr. Ayd is conducting a course in Sociology in the College.

The new Faculty includes Father John A. Risacher and Fr. William A. Whalen, both of whom are well known to many of the upperclassmen. Fr. Risacher was stationed at Berchmanns Hall, Hot Springs, N. C., last year. Fr. Whalen was at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Both were engaged in studying ascetical theology.

Fr. Edward S. Duffy comes to us
Continued on Page 3, Col. 3

JOHN GILMARY SHEA CLUB REORGANIZATION PLANNED

The History Club, established last year by Mr. Ryan of the Faculty, is due to reorganize on the 26th of the present month. Seniors and Juniors only are eligible for membership. It is hoped that the first meeting will find a goodly number of new members on hand to take the place of the members lost to the Club by the June graduations.

Club is named for an eminent
ican historian, John Gilmary

TUDENTS' RETREAT

The annual retreat for the students at Loyola begins on Tuesday, October 25th, and ends on Friday morning following, with Mass and General Communion. The Rev. John A. Morgan, S. J., of St. Ignatius' Church, this city, will conduct the retreat.

We are indeed fortunate in hav-
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THOMAS N. FERCIOT

SENIORS ELECT POPULAR MAN

Other Classes Choose Officers to
Take Helm for Year

Election of Officers in Senior

The appreciation that comes from one's confrères, the admiration they have for sterling manhood, was eminently displayed when the Seniors elected to direct the affairs of their last year at school, the popular Nat Ferciot. He is thus voted to crown gloriously his sojourn at Evergreen, and that he will do so goes without saying. The congratulations not only of the Seniors, but of the entire school, are cordially tendered him.

William Killian was elected to the vice-presidency; William Bullen, treasurer of last year, and Edward Tribbe, secretary of last year, were re-elected to their respective offices.

Junior

Elections in Junior show Hugh A. Meade to be the most popular man in the class. He was elected to the class presidency. Robert L.
Continued on Page 4, Col. 1.

MENDEL CLUB TO SEEK IN- CREASE IN MEMBERSHIP

After a successful season last year The Mendel Club is scheduled to resume activities sometime in the near future. The date for the first meeting has not yet been announced. Reception of new members will be the order of the day. Anyone interested in Biology or Natural History is welcome to membership, whether he is taking the course in Biology or not.

Freshmen will be admitted this year in an effort to swell the membership. Meetings are to be held every two weeks. Interesting lecturers are brought to address the club, and field expeditions are held.

Thirteen members listed on last year's rostrum are now studying at the U. of M. Medical School. Are you going to help fill the places they have vacated in our ranks?

GREYHOUNDS PRIMED FOR HOMEWOOD TILT

Jays Seem Set for Keen Skirmish
Both Favor Aerial Attack

Fast Game Predicted from Whistle to Whistle; Fans Expected
to Pack Stands

Today at 2.30 P. M. marks the date and time of Loyola's bid for local football supremacy. For it is today that the Greyhounds meet the Blue Jays in their own cage.

Homewood, the scene of Hopkins' stinging defeat at the hands of the Greyhounds last fall—a most unexpected event—will again be the battle ground for the two spirited elevens.

DANCE TONIGHT INAUGURATES SOCIAL WHIRL

Loyola will inaugurate its social season tonight with a dance given by the Junior Class in honor of the Greyhound and Blue Jay warriors.

Due to the lack of time in which to advertise this affair, its success depends entirely upon the student body and our intimate friends.

The dances at the Loyola College Gymnasium have come to mean dances that just can't be missed, and with Bob Lula and seven of his inimitable music masters to serve as the incentive for those of talent terpsichorean, a big evening is awaiting all who heed the call.

Remember . . .
WHEN—Saturday Night.
WHERE—Loyola College Gymnasium (out Evergreen way).
TIME—Nine o'clock (P. M., of course).

THE BLOW THAT DISABLES
FATHER—\$1.50 per couple.

Be sure to tell "your sisters and your cousins whom you reckon by the dozens"; then you can say, and proudly too, "We put it over."

JOKES

Physics Prof: What great law is Newton credited with discovering?
Junior Class (in unison): The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

By standing records, the Jays lay claim to a victory in 1924; Loyola's victory last year evened matters somewhat in the debit and credit columns, so both teams, keyed to maintain an advantage from the very start, should put up a splendid tussle for the decision.

Hopkins, with its initial win over Haverford tucked away in fond memory, will be in a mood to continue in the winning stride. Loyola, bowed by her namesake at New Orleans, will strive to break into the column that carries the big end of the score. Each team has worthy incentive and this should make the game the battle of Baltimore battles.

So on to Homewood! Let the players see a one hundred per cent. loyal Loyola crowd. Tell your friends. Have them trek out to Homewood for the game. Guarantee them a thriller from start to finish.

Both teams casting favored glances at the overhead method of advancing the ball, plays should be fast and furious. On to Homewood! On to Victory!

Probable line-up:

Hopkins	Loyola
Mallonee (c).....L.E.....	Dudley
Leibensperger.....L.T.....	Healey
Kaufman.....L.G.....	Mosser
Strader.....C.....	Ferciot
Kogan.....R.G.....	Watson
Biddison.....R.T.....	Bunting
Boynton.....R.E.....	O'Donnell
Lyons.....O.B.....	Mackell
Lawrence.....L.H.....	Connelly
Caplan.....R.H.....	Child
Pindell.....F.B.....	McNichol

WORDING OF OLD COLLEGE SONG AS RECENTLY REVISED

Loyola, we're loyal to you, whether we win or lose;
Our hearts, beating true to you, their love cannot refuse.
We know that in life we cannot always win,
But the man that counts takes defeat with a lifted chin.

Loyola, we're loyal to you, cheering with all our might;
We'll stand or fall with you in every noble fight.

So, whether with defeat

Or victory we meet,

We will always say:

Rah! the Green and Gray!

Rah! Loyola, the College on the Hill!

The Greyhound

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Loyola College, Evergreen.*

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Vol. 1

OCTOBER 22, 1927

No. 1

Entree

Why it is, we do not inquire; but somehow or other, lots of people and lots of things have to come back from the dead to become famous. Look at King Tut, for example; again, consider Lazarus—he actually had to step forth from the winding sheets without the assistance of a valet: Tut, as became his royal Highness, had the humble servants of archaeology do the untangling for him.

Yes, a return from the great Beyond is fame-stimulating. So resurrect we our hopes, who, after a brief sojourn abroad, enter in the journalistic lists a faithful animal whom we intend to have dash off with the goods. His color betokens our heraldic field of gray; his person, if person we may say, bespeaks the dash and speed of those of our intellectuals who represent us on the field of sport.

To perfect the symbolism we must breathe into it the spirit of Evergreen, and garb it in Evergreen personality. Now, if you would have this paper be thus truly representative, push your pens, ye who seek after laurels journalistic.—all of you: for every pen records a distinctive angle of college life. Bud into the journalistic world with a greyhound start!

Traditions

Three-quarters of a century have mellowed the foil against which the less than a decade old Loyola-at-Evergreen stands. True to the Southern romanticism and spirit of devotion that finds expression in hallowed customs, the College has its traditions. Her grayheads nod over the memory of them, while her young-bloods in their turn actualize them anew. Innovations have begun the forty-year march to gain the sanction of Tradition—we have in mind particularly the planting of the Senior tree—but alas that with the move to Evergreen, theatricals, one of Tradition's most charming seneschals, seems to have taken a last curtain call!

And with what regrets! There is a prominent Alumnus whose auto-press agent line about his Mikado—"the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la"—could make even Gloom laugh. But what a dagger 'st it is to those who see in the

future no glimmer of Evergreen footlights, and who must realize that after their departure from scholastic ranks, life is going to be too busy and serious to let them escape for a while into the land of mimes and canvas trees!

What a bleak cloud to paint! But, after all, the revival of a college paper sews a silver lining in the sable of the sky, and the hope arises that the classic Shakespeare is due for a hearty welcome before the year is out. Ho, for the customs of days gone by!

May we add that October 15th is a day around which the student body ought to twine some impressing tradition as a tribute of gratitude to Mr. George C. Jenkins, whose gift of the Science Building turned Loyola-at-Evergreen from an air castle into a thrilling reality? Some little custom appropriate for all time would serve as a vestal fire to betoken that phase of the Evergreen spirit expressed in Appreciation. We would suggest that every year, on that morning, the President of the Senior class, without any suggestion from the Faculty, assemble the students in the chapel before classes, and there say one Ave Maria, (we say but one to preserve the tone of simplicity that gives so much charm to a tradition).

Lese-Majeste

Adverse criticism from one of our daily papers prompts us to thus come to the defense of a grid star of ours of whom we are justly proud. Our reasons for writing partake of both the apologetic and the commendatory.

Unknowing eyes, judging mere effects without consideration of causes, have discovered grounds for stern criticism in Jim Desmond's play in the Villanova game. Where was the penetrating critical sense that with unclouded sight sees down into the root of things? Jim Desmond played that game with a wrenched shoulder that was protesting with stings of pain against every move he made in his treatment of the moleskin. Few on the sidelines knew of it.

The injury, received early in the game, was but a futile gesture of Fate to try to down a stubborn fighter. Jim knew that Loyola wanted him there in the line, and in

the line he had every intention of staying. And that he did so, and dominated the game despite everything shows that there wasn't a better sport on the field than himself, and that he least of all deserved criticism.

The remarks lose their sting when we consider the other side of the question and remember that Jim has at the very outset of the season lighted a beacon of genuine sportsmanship that his gridiron brothers cannot fail to follow. The example he has given is a brilliant reflection of his courage and grit.

Do the Freshmen Fret?

By that remark do we mean that the Sophs are tantalizing? No, merely that the implied answer shows that the Froshies are game. Besides they know that their aim is to be philosophers, as the following indicates.

Picture to yourself the unseating of the latest models in Fall headgear. Add to that the bold usurpation, on the part of a green and gray jockey-cap, peakless, numbered—like prison attire—and this, all a-top a human cranium still swimming in the dizzy heights of glory scaled with the assistance of a High School diploma. Then hear in submissive, "dipped-in-the-dust" tones: "Sic transit gloria mundi," which a companion Freshman obligingly resigns in more convenient English. "Thus let pass the glory of the world!"

If that doesn't give promise of a good philosopher, what in the world does?

THE FAIR OF THE IRON HORSE

"And now it belongs to the ages." Such can well be said of the Fair of the Iron Horse. Its passing is like the darting into space of a brilliant comet that half the world has waited to see, so widespread was its fame.

What the Fair has done for Baltimore is something that is hard to calculate. That it has brought to the Port of Opportunity many who otherwise would never have visited the city is a point easily realized. But what is emphasized more than anything else is that, out of Baltimore has come a magician that has changed the commercial progress of the world, a Merlin that enabled the East to shake hands with the West, a power that spread a road of iron across pathless sweeps of America's hitherto undeveloped treasure-lands, reared cities almost over night, and held in its iron grip their very fates. Like a true foster-child, this magician, acclaimed by the world on his one hundredth birthday, has come home again to celebrate his triumphs.

Curiosity brought millions to the scene; a brilliant and perfectly appointed pageant taught these millions a phase of American history too little known to the masses, and yet one that has decided events on which the life of the nation often times depended.

Mr. Daniel Willard, President of the B. & O., can well be proud of his work. It gladdened his heart that so many took an interest in his exhibition. We can say for those who attended the fair, that everyone left the fair-grounds a better American for having been shown the glories that are properly America's

own. Baltimoreans especially, realize beyond a doubt that the Pageant brings another meed of honor to the little state that gave so much to building up the leading nation of the world.

How Homeric We are!

Never can I pass the southwest corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets without feeling that the Roman Forum wandered to America and scattered about its ancient glories, and to please us, turned them into bank buildings, memorial shrines and capitol buildings, while it left beside the now chariotless Via Sacra only the embers of ancient Rome's fiery career. Imagination supplies where reality fails, and the dreaming mind is turned into a veritable studio of the Dutch painter of Roman life, Alma-Tadema. Lo! a living nook of Rome appears; and then, elated eyes dart about, they catch a glimpse of a modern planned, orderly heap of bricks, the illusion is shattered. The contrast proclaims us imitators.

In our copying of the glories of the past we are indeed conscious imitators; but has it ever occurred to you that in a sense we are likewise unconscious imitators? Our imitations make us older than Rome, as old as Homer. Let's take our proof from ordinary life. Did you ever notice how the two gossips just behind you in the street car exchange the choice bits of the most entertainingly human side of history—that which is rarely recorded? And I said, and so she said; and he said, and I said: an intensely human playlet overinterpolated with stage directions. If that isn't Homeric, Agamemnon and the rest of the cast were deaf-mutes. It surely is, but the simple-hearted narrators do not stop to think that they are, in their way of speaking, imitators of their ancestors.

Civilization far advanced over Homeric simplicity, has merely venerated the heart of man, lightened and quickened his tasks; but it has not changed the heart beneath the veneer: for youth still dreams, and age still dotes, and proverbs still reflect true.

B. ZAR, '28.

Ancient Sonnet

To hear thee, Lydia, in fawning
praise
Of waxen armed Telephus who—
shame
Keeps rosy-necked; how Envy's
tapers flame
My ire-puffed heart! My mind's
awry, and strays
From home the glow of youth. Then
teardrops glaze
My cheeks in stealthy proof of
all the claim
The glutton fire within me holds
to maim.
'Tis gall if, revel-drenched,
abrase

Thine iv'ry arm; if madne:
thy lips
With toothy brand he
Deem not, I press,
Him constant who from thy sweet
kisses sips—
'The brute!—fair nectar'd Venus'
light caress!
Thrice happy they love-bound
'gainst anger's quips
Whom to their day of doom true
love doth bless!

—Horace, Odes I, xiii.



FOOTBALL



Green and Grey Bows to Hopkins

For a game of thrills, including buoyant hopes and feelings of despair, the Loyola-Hopkins battle at Homewood on October the 22nd was "It." The game, which gives the Blue Jays a one-game advantage in the fall series, will be long remembered by those who witnessed the tussle.

In the first half, the Greyhounds were held at leash by the Black and Blue. Every effort of Loyola to gain was brought to naught, while the Homewood defenders were rushing and passing their way to four touchdowns. The Greyhounds were in a coma, it seemed, and were at a loss to fathom the Jays' aerial bombing. The work of Lyons-to-Mallonee in executing forward passes was the bright light of Hopkin's offensive.

Loyola's first bid for victory came in the second quarter, when, after a series of passes, Joe McNichol tore through tackle for a touchdown. On the try for the extra point the place kick was fumbled, and Tanton—as quick as thought—grabbed the bounding ball and rushed over for the point.

The second half proved to be all Loyola's. The Greyhounds came to life and out-gamed, out-fought, out-played, and out-generated the Jays. It was a magnificent comeback, one that threw a scare into the Hopkins' supporters. It wiped out what would have been a deluge of a defeat.

During this period, the playing of Tanton, Tierney, Cannon and Child, brought Loyola within seven points of a tie score. We gained a second touchdown when rushes by Tierney and Cannon took the ball into Hopkins territory. Then Child passed to Cannon, who dashed over the line for another marker. Tanton kicked goal.

The fourth quarter brought the stands to their feet. On a pass from Child to O'Donnell, the Greyhounds made first down. Again Child sent the sphere through the air to Tanton, who made our third touchdown. Then came the most thrilling feature of the game. With less than a minute to go, with Loyola in possession of the ball on her own 30-yard line, signals were called. The ball snapped back, and Child fell back to enable his men to get down the field. For an eternal instant his arm retreated, then shooting forward like a catapult, hurled the ball high and down the field. Tanton, star-bright during the entire game, sped down the field, eluded the Hopkins secondary defense, and with a desperate lunge jumped for the fifty yard heave. His nimble fingers grasped the ball. It resisted him. He paused but a second to secure a firm grip—then on he ran. But this was the margin of time that prevented a possible tie score, for Lawrence, Jay halfback, dogged Tanton's heels and dropped him in his tracks as the gun told the game was over.

Greyhounds Break Into the Winning Column

Resorting to straight line-plunging football, Loyola easily out-classed Washington College at Homewood to the tune of 34-0. The Greyhounds, never hard pressed, ripped and tore their way through the somewhat lighter Shoremen. It was not a matter of victory for Loyola, but the outcome merely lay in the number of touchdowns that the Green and Gray would rush across. The sturdier Loyola line moved back the opposition, and tore huge gaps in the line through which the Evergreen backs swung at will.

The first quarter saw Loyola swing into action with the whistle. The Green and Gray hammered at the Washington forward wall, and tore through for large gains. Harry Child went over for the first six pointer, and old reliable Lank Tanton annexed the extra point. Again another steady march down over the markers saw Tierney squirm his way through for another touchdown. Lank Tanton again obliged with the extra point.

The Eastern Shoremen held the Greyhounds in check all during the second quarter. The half ended with Loyola leading, 14-0.

With the start of the second half, both teams took a chance at the air routes. As a result the Greyhounds scored another touchdown, when Child intercepted a Washington forward pass and, with an open field

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before him, raced across the goal line. Child missed the try for point.

In the fourth quarter, with Loyola in possession of the ball on Washington's 30 yard line, Hap Enright tossed the oval to Cannon for a 15 yard gain. On the next play, Enright tore through the line for another ten yards, and Eddie Cannon plunged through the remaining for the next counter. Tanton completed his third successful try for point. Micky Salinger added more to Washington's defeat when late in the last quarter he tore through center for the last score of the game. Tanton once sent the ball through the uprights.

Washington made a valiant bid to avert a calcimining in the closing seconds of the game, but the Green and Gray wall proved too much for them.

Indisposed Gridders Have Hasty Recovery

Marino Intrieri, after a brief sojourn in the state of coma, is again treading the football field. His account of happy days at the hospital is indeed interesting. It seems that the nurse was good looking.

Duke Mosser is again in harness. The figurative harness of football is what we mean, for he has forsaken the real harness of hospital bandages. Duke has displayed quite a bit of luck. Injured in the Loyola game at New Orleans, he had the doctor pad his shoulder so that he could play in the tilt with Hopkins. Though the injury was aggravated in the third quarter of this fatal game, he played on and suffered in silence.

Continued on Page 4, Col. 3

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la-Hopkins Hop A Social Success

inaugural dance in honor of Lola and Hopkins warriors success. The Reverend members of the Faculty were pleased the tone of the affair. Bob Lula and his orchestra further enhanced their fame as syncopators, much to the delight of the adored couples present. The Junior class is to be complimented on its social accomplishment.

SOUTHERN TRIP

Continued from Page 1, Col. 2

Thanks to the kindness of the Illinois Central System, and particularly that of Mr. Hill and Colonel Paducah, a manufacturing town of western Kentucky, in time to make a convenient connection with the South. The way through Kentucky these kindly railroad men had acted entertaining and gracious hosts. The team will always have pleasant recollections of this portion of the journey. A train wreck is not always a total loss.

For was this to be all. The Superintendent and the Colonel announced their intention of accompanying the Loyola boys to their destination in order to cheer for a victory. One of the subjoined letters will help to prove that a gridiron never had more devoted root-

On the day of arrival, the Loyola boys attended the Tulane-Mississippi Agricultural College game. Afterwards, through the kindness of the athletic officials of our sister college, the team was shown the sights of old New Orleans—the historic French section, the cemeteries with tombs built above ground, veritable cities of the dead; levees, forty feet above the level of the city.

THE CENTRAL SYSTEM
of Superintendent
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
October 19, 1927.

Father Love:
Hope that you and the boys are home safely and on scheduled time.

We had a wonderful trip with you south to New Orleans and ended every minute of the time spent with you and the boys.

The team certainly put up a wonderful game, and the winning team had to work mighty hard to get what they did. I think our Baltimore reserves a great deal of credit for showing they made fearful odds. * * *

Write me to Mr. Cofall, Dr. all of the boys.
Best personal regards,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) P. GLYNN.
CENTRAL SYSTEM
wms,

Chicago, Ill.
October 20, 1927.

Father Love:
Your letter is one of the nicest I have received, and I thank you

ways try to please our parents and it is gratifying to have me Mr. Hull and Colonel expressed you so favorably for attention.
Good wishes,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) L. A. Downs.

PARROT PRATTLE

Rain's a funny thing. If you're out in it, it's not as chilly and dampening as those few drops that eke out of those eaves under which you seek shelter. And so it is with sharp toothed words!

HISTORY CLUB MEETING SET EARLY THIS MONTH

Owing to the retreat, activities of the John Gilmary Shea Club have not yet been resumed. It has been thought advisable to wait until early November to assemble the devotees of History in the first session of the Club's second year of existence.

The Club's reorganization is anxiously awaited by not a few of the Seniors and Juniors, to which classes membership is restricted. This fact gives promise of an interesting season.

Mr. Ryan, S. J., will, in all probability, continue as Moderator of the Club.

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CASUALTIES

Continued from Page 3, Col. 3

Joe McNichol is coming along nicely. The torn cartilage has mended, and Joe's cheery, "Aw, I'm all right," is an assurance that Joe will soon be cleating up the gridiron as peppily as ever.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

Continued from Page 1, Col. 1
world. Maybe some day Loyola College will vary.

Quintessential concentration of the Retreat: "Keep on the water wagon and away from the water works."

Do you think it is unlucky to wed on Friday?

Sure; why should Friday be an exception?

Drug Clerk—What kind of a toothbrush do you want?

Darkly Wise—Gib me a big 'un, boss; deh's ten in mah fam'ly.

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